

## Daily Gazette.

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just and right to contribute to the memory of  
bravery and patriotism at any call. Very  
respectfully,  
BIRMINGHAM, Tex., July 14, 1890.  
Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed please find our No.  
100 on Bill, Hutchings & Co., of Galveston  
for \$100, being our contribution to the fund  
raised for the erection of a monument to  
the memory of our heroic and lamented friend,  
A. S. Hayne. Yours truly,  
THE RELIABLE LUMBER COMPANY.  
A. H. Hebert, secretary.

Subscriptions through THE GAZETTE to  
this date are as follows:  
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The following subscriptions have been made  
to Mr. A. B. Smith of the Merchants'  
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THE Kids got there with both feet.  
The ticket dominated at San Antonio  
is a good one in whole and in part.

THE San Antonio convention was a  
Young Men's convention, and it was a  
good one and did good work.

THERE was no trading at San Antonio,  
and the delegates voted the will of the  
people, and not of the bosses.

THE burning of 25,000 barrels of  
whisky at Louisville is a calamity great  
enough to put the star-eyed goddess in  
mourning.

TARRANT county sent some young men  
to the state convention who proved  
themselves to be workers worthy of the  
town they represented.

THE convention at San Antonio was a  
revolution. The young men filled the  
chairs, made the speeches, did the work  
and were put on the ticket.

IT is noticed that none of the opposi-  
tion papers use small type in setting up  
Gen. Hogg's name since his nomination.  
That is a very hopeful sign.

THE people of Texas want no more  
Warlike or war horses who have no  
war but war memories to offer as recom-  
mendations of fitness for office.

THE opposition papers accept the re-  
sults of the convention with pretty good  
grace, and acknowledge the overwhelm-  
ing success of the ticket at the polls.

THE Peoples' Party ended their little  
farce in Kansas by nominating a woman  
and a negro for two of the state offices.  
That is working for reform with a ven-  
geance.

THE people now pay \$7,500,000 taxes  
on tin plate, a sum which the robbers  
may be increased to \$10,000,000 in  
order to give the Pennsylvania iron roof-  
ing association a grand and juicy snap.

"THERE is some disappointment,"  
said Gen. Alger, "at the failure of ser-  
vice pensions." True enough—and there  
are always will be disappointment  
until the last of the patriots is provided  
for.

THINK what a trifle a dukedom may be,  
when the Emperor William can create  
one out of so insignificant a spot as Helig-  
oland. And these are the baubles Ameri-  
can helmsmen are falling over each other  
in chasing. Ahem!

SHOULD Levi put up the price of drinks  
at the Shoreham on account of the sur-  
mash calamity at Louisville, perhaps  
congress would resent it by promptly ad-  
journing. How often blessings are dis-  
guised as misfortunes.

AS soon as they began to feel safe con-  
cerning the failure of the force bill, the  
Democrats of South Carolina split into  
warring factions, and now, we suppose,  
the fratricidal strife will go on until one  
or both factions go under.

SOMEbody has proved that Blaine is  
not the originator of the reciprocity idea.  
No matter. He is the originator of the  
very ugly dilemma that has caused Dr.  
Harrison and the tariff gang a great deal  
of dread and apprehension, and that is  
enough.

IN THE Chickasaw Nation election two  
sets of polls were operated, the squaw  
men who were denied the right to cast  
their vote at the regular boxes, setting  
up boxes of their own and voting for  
Paul. The Indians voted for Byrd, and  
are said to be outnumbered by the votes  
of the squaw men for Paul, although the  
government will probably not recognize  
the Paul vote.

JIM the Penman has a very plausible  
excuse for not going down to Reed's  
district to make a few speeches in that  
gentleman's behalf. He can say there  
is no need for speech-making since the  
speaker felt back upon the Kittery navy  
yard as his mainstay.

WALL street is making a row because  
Secretary Windom does not keep it fully  
posted as to his purchases of silver and  
the price paid. One kick is enough.  
Col. Windom will see to it that the strug-  
gling bulls of Wall street shall have a  
fair show. That is a part of his business.

THE News devotes a column and a half  
to an interview with Gen. Hogg, in  
which the only thing the general said or  
did, was to laugh and mop his brow. If  
there is anything our esteemed contem-  
porary prides itself upon, it is its skill in  
the game of much ado about nothing.

"TEN THOUSAND applications a day,"  
said Gen. Alger at Boston, are coming  
in to the government for pensions. How  
very rapidly the old veterans are discover-  
ing twenty-five years after the fact,  
that they were disabled by military  
service during the war for making a  
living. Commissioner Raum and Son John  
will take care of them a la Tanner.

THE blood and thunder dispatches sent  
out from the Chickasaw Nation previous  
to the election were false alarms. No  
killing and slaughtering as predicted,  
and no trouble took place at the election.  
The Associated Press reporter up there  
should now take a lay off to rest his tired  
imagination, or if that can't be, let him  
change his drinks.

TEXAS Democracy can now be said to  
be all right. The honest work of the  
convention was grateful to the hearts of  
the rank and file of the party, and has  
scattered the mist of doubt and uncer-  
tainty that bothered some others. A  
strong, earnest and solidified Democracy  
now seems to be assured, symmetrical  
and healthy in all its parts.

THE West having responded favorably  
to Plumb's outbreak against the tariff  
some two or three weeks since, that  
gentleman feels encouraged to follow  
still further the bent of his inclinations,  
and on Thursday hammered the tin plate  
tariff, but without result. Plumb can  
be depended on to carry his anti-tariff  
crusade as far as safety to himself will  
warrant, but not one inch farther. He  
is on the right track now as respects the  
popular sentiment—and that is what he  
always keeps his weather eye on—and  
has the shrewdness to see it. Plumb is a  
good politician.

THE last number of Puck represents  
the president seated in a chair which he  
does not nearly fill, with his head buried  
almost out of sight in grandfather's hat,  
and a dreamy doleful look in his eyes as  
they pierce with difficulty the surrounding  
gloom. The hands upon the clock point  
to the hour of midnight, while perched  
above is an ebon raven bearing a striking  
resemblance to Jimblaine, and adding by  
its unwelcome presence to the weird  
gloom and solemnity of the occasion.  
Some explanatory remarks of a poetic  
nature are supplied by the artist, Mr.  
Keppler, which are especially good, and  
are reproduced elsewhere for the benefit  
of our readers.

THE TARIFF ON TIN PLATE.  
It is well known that every pound  
of tin plate used in this country is im-  
ported. It is also equally well known  
that the government compels the im-  
porter to pay one cent a pound duty on  
it, a tariff levied years ago for the pur-  
pose of encouraging and fostering the  
manufacture of tin plate in this country,  
but entirely without result. The price  
of every article of tinware is increased by  
the amount of the duty collected.

THE McKinley bill increases the duty  
from one cent to two and two-tenths  
cents a pound for the purpose  
of creating an industry that can  
exist only on government bounty  
or support of the most generous  
kind, and which can and will be monopol-  
ized by a few powerful and wealthy  
corporations or syndicates able to com-  
mand and hold the support of the gov-  
ernment indefinitely, while they are given  
absolute control of the home market  
to plunder and rob at will. There is  
not a more iniquitous abomination  
in that bill of abominations than the  
tin plate tariff. It legalizes sheer rob-  
bery of the most wholesale character,  
and boldly marks the degree of shame-  
less and degrading subservience to cap-  
italistic plunderers, to which the grand  
old party has descended.

Those conversant with the true inward-  
ness of the proposed increased tariff,  
know very well that it is made at the  
dictation of the iron kings of Pennsylv-  
ania. They are to be the beneficiaries of  
it, they and no others.

Small wonder then is it that Plumb  
raised his voice in condemnation of the  
bold iniquity. There it is not a Western  
senator in congress that did not owe it  
to his people as a religious duty to stamp  
life out of it; but one only, David G.  
McClintock voted with Plumb against it.  
Teller felt under obligations to the tar-  
iffites who helped him to make a good  
market for his silver bullion, and voted  
for the audacious measure. Ingalls  
is a native Yankee, and could  
not bring himself to vote against the  
East with whom all his sympathies are,  
and so crawled. Other Western  
senators had presidential bees in their  
bonnets, or were under obligations to the  
East, and voted for the outrage.

Senator Teller attempted to palliate  
the atrocity by saying that "eventu-  
ally" the tariff would reduce the price  
of tinware. "Yes," said Plumb, with  
unconcealed sarcasm, "eventually, but  
when?" When it is remembered that

the proposed tariff will treble the price  
of every article of tinware beyond that  
which would prevail if there were no  
tariff, it can be readily seen that the mil-  
lennium will have arrived, when the  
tariff will do for the price of tinware  
what free trade could do in an instant.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S BOLT.  
A strange and unnatural condition of  
things exist in South Carolina, one, too,  
that a few Texas politicians will perhaps  
admire.

A split took place in the convention  
just held, and the "straightouts," con-  
sisting of the delegates from Charleston,  
Wilmington, Beaufort, Sumter and  
Richmond, withdrew and organized a  
separate convention. The Tillmanites  
had an overwhelming majority in the  
regular convention, and hence the bolt.

Why should a small minority of silk  
stocking or "oligarchs," as they are  
sometimes called, adopt this unholy plan  
of campaign? What hope for success  
have they? Where is their strength to  
come from? The question is easily  
answered: From the Republicans and  
negroes. Are you astonished at that?  
Well you may be, when the old guard,  
the proud and aristocratic wing of  
South Carolina politics descends to polit-  
ical miscegenation with Senegambians,  
ex-carpet baggers and the like in order  
to retain power and office. But that is  
what they seem to have done, and all in  
the name of some pure unadorned Democ-  
racy, ye Gods!

This appears to be the way of it as  
well as can be gathered.

As soon as the "Straightouts" dis-  
covered some time ago that they were  
beaten, they began to claim that the  
convention which they tried to capture  
should not name a ticket, should do  
nothing in fact but determine the man-  
ner in which delegates should be  
selected for a convention to be  
held later. This of course  
was nothing but a contemptible  
subterfuge. Why did they fight so hard  
for the control of it, if that was all it  
could do—but who ever heard of a state  
convention for such a purpose?

When the "Straightouts" first talked  
of a bolt, the Republicans took heart,  
called a convention and announced their  
intention to profit by the Democratic split  
to elect several members of the legisla-  
ture. This activity it seems frightened  
the would-be bolters, and all talk of a  
bolt ended for a time.

It is now given out that the Republi-  
cans will not put a ticket in the field,  
and that they will not support Tillman,  
the farmers' candidate, if there is an-  
other ticket out. The fact that there will  
be another ticket, and that it will be  
engineered by the "Straightouts,"  
proves that a bargain of some kind has  
been made with the Republicans.

The alliance is a creditable one indeed  
for the high-headed aristocrats of the  
Palmetto state, if it has been arranged  
as now seems to be the case. The Democ-  
ratic party should be proud of such  
leaders, men willing to debate their  
manhood and the principles they profess  
for the sake of office, which they appear  
to think is theirs by heredity and pre-  
scription.

Compare them with the leaders in  
Tennessee, who when downed in con-  
vention by the farmers accepted their fate,  
took their medicine, and hurried for the  
choice of the convention. These  
South Carolina bolters are a brave lot.

To J. Peter Smith.  
Montague Democrat.  
While drifting in the busy whirl,  
And shaping the future of a city,  
Beware, beware of the telephone girl  
And cast your smiles on the Smiths.

The Third City.  
Corsicana Light.  
Fort Worth has held her own better  
than most of the Texas cities in the cen-  
sus bout.

"On To."  
Holland Progress.  
Peter Smith was elected mayor of  
Fort Worth last Monday by a handsome  
majority, and THE GAZETTE is so happy  
in consequence that it has again raised  
its "on to" railroad cry.

Advice to Peter.  
Yonkers Texas.  
J. Peter Smith is mayor of Fort  
Worth, vice Telephone Pendleton re-  
signed. Mr. Smith used to be father of  
the Fort, but now he is grandpa. We  
advise him to keep away from the  
phone, for even grandpas are oftentimes  
led astray.

Likes John Peter.  
Victoria Advocate.  
The Advocate is for John Peter Smith  
for mayor of Fort Worth, or for any-  
thing else he wants. Pity Victoria  
hasn't forty John Peters. Such men  
make towns of the places where pau-  
pers spend the nights and days.

Not Much.  
Cisno Round-ups.  
Fort Worth has now got a mayor who  
will regain the lost prestige of the town  
for business and will keep himself  
above personal scandal. It is not to be  
feared that Peter Smith will monkey  
with the telephone girls.

Fort Worth's Way.  
Dublin Telephone.  
Fort Worth instructed for Hogg for  
governor. John Peter Smith, an anti-  
Hogg man, was elected mayor by an  
overwhelming majority last Tuesday.  
This shows that Fort Worth knows the  
connection between politics and busi-  
ness.

A Sermon to Boys.  
Troy Enterprise.  
J. Peter Smith, Democratic nominee  
for mayor of Fort Worth, was elected to  
that office Monday by a majority of 647  
over Dr. Broiles, Independent.

Years ago Smith walked all the way  
from Kentucky to Fort Worth, being too  
poor to come otherwise.

Thus we see him once a poor, weary  
footman, combating a world of obstacles  
without greatness or money, now a leader  
of men, with the reins of a coming city  
in his hands.

Peter Smith is a sermon to every poor  
boy, and his footprints are in the sands  
of time a proclamation of the success of  
self reliance combined with noble prin-  
ciples and an unflinching courage.

No Danger of It.  
Dublin Telephone.  
The Fort Worth GAZETTE has made a  
strong fight for Hogg, and the commis-  
sion, and while we happen to be among  
the vanquished, we admire the bold and  
unrelenting fight that THE GAZETTE has  
waged. We trust the friends of Mr.  
Hogg will not be disappointed in the se-  
lection they have made.

Lead Us Not Into Temptation.  
Wharton Spectator.  
To Fort Worth: Remember the Lord's  
prayer, "Lead us not into temptation,"  
and when you have elected your new  
mayor, don't put him in the same build-  
ing with a lot of pretty telephone girls,  
especially if he has an old and faded  
wife at home, and a nature as hard as  
the same world over, and will assert its  
rights whenever the opportunity offers.

A Hint to Dallas.  
Seymour News.  
The Fort Worth and Albuquerque  
scheme has fell through, and now in our  
candid opinion it would be a good time  
for the Dallas, Pacific and Southern  
to get in its work. The people of this  
section want a Dallas connection, and if  
Dallas will look to her best interests she  
will build a road into this section at  
once.

The President and His Bete Noir.  
Puck.  
The following verses, recently received  
at this office, may be deficient in gen-  
uine literary merit, and it is undeniable  
that they have rather a personal and  
individual than a general interest, but  
they are so unmistakably the sincere cry  
of a wounded spirit that we publish  
them for what they are worth, leaving it  
to our readers to imagine for themselves  
the deep painfulness of the situation, at  
which the poet can merely hint:

THE RAVEN.  
Once upon a midnight dreary,  
While I pondered weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious  
Volume of old lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping,  
Suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping,  
Rapping at my chamber door—  
'Tis some one, I muttered,  
'Some distant kinsman at my door—  
'Only this and nothing more.'

But the 'tapping' and uncertain  
Thoughts of foes behind that curtain  
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic  
Terrors often felt before.  
So I opened like a dead man's door,  
Of my room, I stood repeating:  
'Tis some politician treating  
Of current business. As to politics,  
I have no time to waste on them,  
'Tis too much, and now entering  
Office at my chamber door—  
'This is it and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger;  
Doubting of foes behind that curtain  
I said: 'Is it the poet's friend?  
Of the school of taught of yore?  
Of the Sunday school of old?  
In the town my wife bought in,  
In the town my wife bought in,  
Job whereof I have heard more  
If 'tis you, or even Dudley—'  
Here I opened wide the door—  
Nothing there, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning  
All my soul myself to turning  
I am quite a nervous person.  
Since I collared by the shore—  
Soon again I heard a tapping  
As of some one gently rapping  
I took a dead man's napping—  
Rapping at my chamber door—  
I put a soda tablet  
(Soda mint) and one of the door.  
'This is it and nothing more.'

But I saw two bright eyes peering,  
And with calm assurance leaning  
In there walked an ancient Raven,  
Quite suggestive of a bore.  
Not the least ominous of that bird,  
Not a minute stopped or staid he,  
But with mien of lord or lady  
Flopped upon the bust of grand pa—  
Perched and sat, and nothing  
more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling  
My soul into his smiling,  
By its many strange, suggestive  
Little words of old lore,  
'Tis some politician treating  
Of current business. As to politics,  
I have no time to waste on them,  
'Tis too much, and now entering  
Office at my chamber door—  
'This is it and nothing more.'

Much I marvelled this confounded  
Fowl the question thus propounded  
With veracity to answer—  
Which was his want of war?  
'But,' I thought, 'he is but thinking  
Of his own hopes, shipwrecked, sinking,  
As he sits there, blankly blinking,  
Dreaming of his matchless tumble,  
In the year of our Lord—'  
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!  
Prophet, if you are a devil!  
Whether I kept off, or whether  
I kept on, I know not now—  
Tell me, I beg, that tells me,  
For a glorious relief—  
Shall I have a new room—  
Shall I have a new room—  
Must I go to Lajp!—'  
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

'Be that word our sign of parting?  
It is time that you were starting!  
What's the matter with Augusta,  
Or Bar Harbor, or the bound shore?  
I have never been familiar  
With your old Credit Mobilier  
Get you gone, or I will move—  
Quit that bust above my door—  
Quit my gran' pa's cerebellum  
Quit my gran' pa's cerebellum—'  
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

And the Raven, never flitting,  
Still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the plaster bust of grand pa—  
Just above my chamber door—  
And his eyes have all the seeming  
Of a jumbie's that is scheming,  
Of the lamp-light of a chimney  
Throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow  
That lies floating on the floor—  
Shall be lifted—nevermore—  
P. S.—[By the Raven, B. H.

THROUGH THE HEART.  
Telegrams from Messrs. Crain and Gresham  
Concerning the Senate's Action  
Special to the Gazette.  
GALVESTON, TEX., Aug. 15.—It was re-  
ported on the streets at an early hour  
that Mr. M. G. Dillon had committed  
suicide. Your reporter repaired to his  
residence in West Cleburne and found  
the report to be a fact. It seems that  
Mr. Dillon has been complaining for the  
past two or three weeks with heart trou-  
ble, and last night he was sick all night.  
This morning as usual